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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

LONG DAYS

I have watched long days of dawning,
And long, long nights of dread;
And I am a little weary
Of traveling toward the dead.
When I looked out last evening
I thought the wan moonlight
Seemed tired and pale with shining,
A lantern in the night.

I heard them whisper this morning
As I heard them yesterday,
"Do you think she will last much longer,
Dragging along this way?
Her hands are like withered flowers,
Her face is a strange dried leaf;
She has stayed too long in her body,
She is wheat turned dust in the sheaf."

HEAPHY HERSELF

When Heaphy, the old woman,
Is not looking,
Herself trips lightly off to Donegal
And there dances in the shadow of Slieve.

When Heaphy, the old woman,
Is looking,